

Women of the Week

ELIZABETH MCLENDON

Polished crystal . . . the tinkle of ice . . . pale blue silk . . . and white camelias. These are the inevitable sense impressions of Elizabeth McLendon.

Mac—nick-names are often almost sacrilege—is gracefully tall, slim and blonde. She has the hair of a Jon Whitcomb illustration; and the face of Greek sculpture . . . and hazel eyes that twinkle without betraying anything except utmost serenity. She never raises her voice . . . never lessens her poise. You look at her and can't help supplying a setting: dimly lit, heavily carpeted rooms . . . beautifully dressed crowds of sophisticates . . . lingering clouds of smoke and faint perfume. . .

But she's simply not the type! Although her home is in Washington, Mac loves little towns. Her interests lie, not in dimly lit rooms, but in a laboratory. Her ambition is, not to model two hundred and fifty dollar dresses, but to be a good medical technician. She loves science and math . . . she loathes English. She likes hockey, basketball, and golf . . . and a very particular man. She's so full of enthusiasm that she can't decide what she'd really rather do more than anything else; but she did decide to abandon a career of medicine . . . life's too short and full for such long specialization.

This, to us, is Mac . . . she runs deep and quiet and smooth. You won't find her, if you wait for her to come to you . . . you must seek her out of her unobtrusive place among the crowd, and discover for yourself what lies beneath a surface of beauty and reserve.

MIL AVERA

Have you wondered what was behind that Dutch Bob, that ducked head, those interesting blue eyes? We have, and still do. There is no really "knowing" that silent-about-herself Mil Avera, but there is a great joy in little by little finding her out.

Perhaps you, as I wondered just who in the blazes was that rabid individualist whom you certainly saw the first day of school. Here you were all decked out in a new permanent and frills; and here was Mil, with her square hair and a pleasant smile, just not caring if you said, "She doesn't look quite like the other three hundred and fifty of us!" Then perhaps you had a class with her, and wondered what on earth she was hiding behind that propped up arm and meekly drooped head. Teacher would call on Mil, and you were shocked that she wasn't asleep at all—but that she had been in there pitching and had come gruffly out with plenty of mighty good sense. Then perhaps you were on Stee Gee with her, and you realized (not so shocked now) that Mil was just about the most understanding, intelligent member of the whole council. Or perhaps you just knew Mil around the campus; she was the grandest fellow of them all . . . a gal with a keen wit and a heart in the right place. And yet that somehow isn't all. You see Mil sitting quietly, the most unassuming person you have ever known, reacting only with her eyes to all that goes on around her . . . those nice blue eyes that are forever almost telling you the secret, but never quite revealing all. It is that shy reticence so in contrast to the hair cut and the reffer that will win you and make you powerfully glad to have known Mil Avera.



MARTHA'S MUSINGS

Emily Harris whiles the dragging hours away these days by writing "two-pagers" nightly to Carlyle. Yes, Carlyle is a man who lasted for the duration of her Freshman year and is still holding the heart and fort down at Camp Croft.

Julia Garrett is losing her touch! Her last week-end's date wrote her to get him a date with Sis Shelton this week-end—humm—

Bet Hancock was totally upset and disturbed last Sunday because two unidentified males called on her, and one answered to Jimmy's description.

Greta Garth, the 3rd in the great line of Garths, got a most peculiar letter—or was it peculiar. He (the author of the letter) was nonchalant after centuries since his last letter. Expect a sweet letter, Greta?

Betty Swain, Junior transfer, wants a ring—a man rather. She's having a bit of family trouble—but have patience, Betty—time heals everything—even family objections.

"P. T." Traynham has a bid to Midwinters, Fall Germans and is V. P. I. bound soon. It's a good thing the "Punk Affair" was called off!

Normie and Hoss—I'll swear! Hoss sends Normie a life size photo for her birthday. Somehow Normie didn't get excited or thrilled. Why? Ask Normie.

Marriage, marriage—that bug has bit Salem. Mrs. Beal (the former Doris Nebel), Mrs. Ingram (the Vivian Smith that used to be) are husband-sick. The rest of us are husband-anxious.

The Freshmen who lunched with "Wink" Wall last Sunday gained several pounds so I hear. Don't lose those girlish figures before the 1st six weeks. Nevertheless, they had quite a gay time. Miss Wall is the second in the line of Walls!

Who was it got a letter addressed Mrs. Paul Cash last week? Whoever it was wouldn't get it herself. Looks bad!

Looking over sample stationery at the bookstore the other day, I saw some with the heading Nona Lee and Henry. Looks like Nona Lee is keeping something from us.

Adele Chase is Penn. State bound. She has two bids but "Ma" says she can go either one time or another, but not both. Too bad!

This Garrison-Smoot affair has put the two on friendly terms. You have to be close to somebody to stab 'em in the back!

Polly Starbuck fell out of the window and all but broke her neck—all of this effort, pain and suffering and still no letter from Frank!

The Mt. Airy trip made by Mot, Cootie, "Sut" and Normie last week was a great success—found Nancy Lou (alias Ninky Luke) in fine shape.

Annie H. Bunn had a most enjoyable trip home last week-end. Tommy was fine!

Could anyone tell us why early Xmas vacation pleases Rachel Pinkston so? Could "Mac" be the factor of all the smile, "Pinky"?

Lois Wooten seems to write good love letters. Edith Shapiro had her write one and Lois got an answer. More power, Lois!

"Stu" Snider keeps the wires burning writing to "Med School Harry." Remember conservation for defense.

Last week-end was home-coming for last year's "Sister's girls." Sure was good to see familiar faces back. Know you had fun.

Mildred Lee is debating over next week-end's date. Here I pray that (Continued on Back Page)

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MINNIE THE KID STAYS ON CAMPUS

As we all know, Salem boasts some few P. T.'s (better known as prom-trotters) and there has been some question as to what one of these celebrities would do if forced to stay at Salem for a week-end. Well, we had our opportunity this week-end to observe the actions of a certain P. T. who, for the sake of convenience we shall call "Minnie."

Now Minnie is the type of P. T. who isn't satisfied with starting her week-end on Saturday. Oh, no! She really begins her week-end on Wednesday getting clothes ready-for-wear after a very, very few minutes of hemming and hawing. And come Friday—Minnie is off.

Well, this particular Wednesday did not find our subject in question admiring her wardrobe. Nor did this particular Friday find her dashing frantically to catch a bus. No, the picture was quite different, even though our Minnie had been seen smugly pouring over an invitation to V. P. I., one to Davidson, and one to Carolina. Then there was the sucker at State who was worth Minnie's stringing along. After all, it took so little on her part and paid such big dividends. Now right here we must say that Minnie is not a gold-digger. She is a member of I. R. S.

But on with Minnie's week-end. It was quite some consolation to the child to know that she could have gone to one of various and sundry places had she only had permission. But Mom had been so firm that Minnie had had to take refuge in the fact that spending a week-end at Salem was not due to unpopularity. So dinnertime found Minnie finishing up some correspondence that she just hadn't been able to get around to before.

Satisfied with her accomplishments of the afternoon, Minnie gaily went to dinner after which she joined the old smoke-house crew. She immediately became a member of Salem's "Y" Tea quartette (which is, deep-down-at-heart, the proverbial bar-room foursome); and after yelling away several hours, Minnie decided to put the body to bed. Bidding the gang goodnight, she trudged upstairs; and after various preparations she climbed into bed, thinking that one of Salem's week-ends might be delightful and rather quaint.

Saturday morning dawned!—cold and dreary. Minnie (having no Saturday classes due to several hours of work with a catalogue and schedule) turned over and went back to sleep. But by 10:30 the dormitory was practically alive with silly, screaming girls; and, Minnie observed a little jealously, a few lucky ones who were leaving for the week-end. So, in disgust and despair, she got up and found to her surprise that her roommate (who was so happy to have a week-end roommate) had brought her breakfast. Gloomily, Minnie viewed the cold, hard toast and the shriveling orange; and thought of the day ahead of her. She heaved a great sigh of despair—practically time for lunch, then she would go to the smoke house.

Minnie could stand the fog of smoke no longer; and anyway, all the girls were leaving to get dressed for town or dates. So upstairs again to a room that seemed just as bare as her whole life. Minnie had to do something! She dug in her laundry bag and frantically started scrubbing every stitch she possessed. She turned on the radio; but all she could get were football games which, naturally, only re-

mined her of what she could be doing IF—! And the more Minnie washed, the more she hated everything about her. She found, however, a certain satisfaction in splashing water all over the floor and the newly-painted walls—and this she could do to perfection. Oh, it was a great life! But soon she just couldn't take it any longer; off to the Toddle House for supper. Maybe a good meal would set her right with the world once more. Then, to make a long story short (?), she returned to the smoke house with the same old grudge, only worse. Minnie tried a few hands of bridge, but finding it positively impossible to concentrate on which suit was higher than the other, she said her goodnights and trudged upward once more.

As Minnie walked into her room she was faced with her own reflection and, to her great surprise, found that she didn't like what she saw. Consequently, our problem child decided to do something about it. A new coiffure? New make-up? Well, why should she bother about her appearance. There was no one to see her except stupid females, so to bed once more. How nice it would be to conceal her misery in a soft pillow.

Sunday! Minnie was awakened by some kind soul saying that she had callers. Oh, why hadn't she made all those new beauty experiments last night! Why hadn't she foreseen that someone would come today. With these thoughts running through her mind, she quickly dressed and, in no less than forty-five minutes, Minnie was rushing downstairs to greet the blessed males. She stopped short as she entered the living room. She focused her eyes and wished she hadn't. No it couldn't be! Not Mary and Martha, not really her two little cousins who lived right here in Winston. Oh, she could die!

And so we leave Minnie "disgusted and disgusting" until next week-end when she will be going to Carolina home-comings.

Hockey Tournament For Last of Month

The question came again this week from the sports world—do Salemites want sports to die? Hockey Manager Mott Sauvain reported that the turnout for afternoon practices was far below expectation, and that all the interest seemed to come from the underclassmen.

The intramural tournament, usually a great occasion on the campus, has been set for the last week in October to run through the first week in November. From the appearance of the first few weeks of practice, the trophy will go to either the Freshmen or Sophomore team. Plans have not been made definitely, but the Council hopes to follow the tournament with a banquet at which the awards will be presented.

Again the call goes out for an all-out hockey interest. You can't

SLAP THAT JAP!



BUG SWATTERS

if you're not in trim. Let's have some competition for that trophy!

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